

A very Godly Song,

Intituled, the earnest petition of a Faithfull Christian, being Clerk of Bod-
nam, made upon his death-bed, at the instance of his transmutation
To a sweet solemn tune.



Now my painfull eyes Ie rowling,
And my passing bell is rowling,
Rowling sweetly I Ie dying,
And my life is from me flying,
Grant me strength O gracious God,
For to indure thy heavy Rod
When shall I rejoyce and sing,
With Psalms unto my heavenly King,
Simeon that blessed man,
Belieued Christ when he was come
And then he did desire to die
To live with him eternally.
Christ wrought me a strong Salvation,
By his death and bitter passion,
He hath washt and made me clean,
That I should neter sin again.
Orleuous pains did call and cry,
O man prepare thy self to die,
All my sins I have lamented,
And to die I am contented,
Silly soul the Lord receive thee,
Death is come and life must leave thee
Death will tarry no mans lecture,
Then farewell all earthly pleasure;
In this world I nothing crave,
But to bring my soul to grave,
In the grate while I Ie sleeping,
Angels have my soul to keeping,
When the bells are for me ringing,
Lord receive my soul with singing,
When shall I be free from pain;
To live and never die again,
While the worms corruption breed on,
Wait my noisome corps to feed on,
My fervent soul this prison loathing,
Craves a Robe of Angels cloathing,
Farewell world and worldly glory,
Farewell all things transitory,
Soon hill my soul a scendeth,
And Gods royal throne attendeth,
Farewel wife and children small,
For I must go now Christ doth call,
And for my death be ye content,
When I am gone do not lament,
Now the bell doth cease to rowle,
Sweet Jesus Christ receive my soul,